

## Love and Hared by remuswriting

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**Summary:**

Will Byers liked Mike, he really liked Mike. He liked the way Mike smiled, laughing, spoke, acted, and most importantly; the way Mike was truly himself around Will.

Did the brunette know what this meant? Yes.

Did this mean he was going to accept it? No.

## Love and Hared

Mike always surprised Will. Whether it was in video games, board games, school, or even magic tricks; he was constantly surprised. The only things that Will never thought he would be surprised about were Mike's eyes and smile.

His deep brown eyes were always squinting, grey shadowing engulfing them. The color of milk chocolate appearing like the texture of a malt. His smile always reached his eyes when he was laughing with Will, and that was his favorite thing about Mike; he was always laughing along with the brunette.

Will was never particularly funny, but Mike loved every single joke that came out of the bowl hair kid's mouth. Will once just gave Mike a funny look in response to someone else's actions, and the curly haired boy laughed for almost an hour. He was sent down to the office, getting detention for disrupting class.

Whenever the other two were around, the raven haired boy refused to laugh or smile. He always looked miserable until it was just him and Will. So this surprised Will, how his best friend's smile could make his heart flutter. How the look in those milk chocolate eyes made him swoon whenever they were crinkled at the edges.

Will Byers liked Mike, he really liked Mike. He liked the way Mike smiled, laughing, spoke, acted, and most importantly; the way Mike was truly himself around Will.

Did the brunette know what this meant? Yes.

Did this mean he was going to accept it? No.

It all hit him whenever he saw him in the hospital, after the upside down incident. The way he was so full of life and excitement radiating off of him, Will just knew he was in some deep shit. You're not supposed to fall in love with your best friend, but here he was doing that very thing.

He went to Jonathan, like he did for everything. Just having someone

there to help him process would be extremely appreciated. It wasn't the best idea seeing how Jonathan has never had a girlfriend, but the little brother was supposed to go to the older one; right? Honestly neither of them understood how any of this was supposed to work.

Sometimes Jonathan just ended up going to Will for advice, because the roles seemed to be switched at times. Neither one were seen as higher (although Will did idolize his older brother a little), so they both knew the other would be there whenever a time of need came.

Will ended up at his older brother's door frame, head against the wood. He felt exhausted, and probably looked like it. This realization was from yesterday, and it kept him up all night. Even if it had almost been a week or two since the hospital discovery, it finally sank in the night before.

The thought of going to the arcade with the entire group made his stomach drop into a black hole right above his bladder. If his nerves weren't shaking him to the core, then he'd probably be asleep in bed until this romantic sensation disappeared. If he went into a coma, would he forget all about this weird fluttery feeling in his stomach when he sees photos of them together?

"Hey, what's up?" Jonathan asked, looking up from his chemistry homework to see his little brother looking overwhelmed. The short brunette was shaking and smiling at the same time, causing the older of the two to close his chemistry book.

"I'm scared," Will stated, walking over to his brother's bed before belly flopping into the plaid sheets. Knowing his voice would be muffled, he made sure to speak now. "I think I'm in love with Mike."

"I can't hear you, and you're kind of freaking me out." The comment wasn't meant to be rude, because his older brother had no clue what was really going on. Part of the younger one knew this, but he couldn't help his irritation.

"I'm in love with Mike, there you happy?" Will snapped, earning a jump from Jonathan at the sudden reaction. The brunette was typically loving and kind, not aggressive like this. Although, his younger brother looked ready for a two day nap as well as something

to eat.

“Like romantically?” Jonathan asked, trying to wrap his head around everything. It’s hard to imagine your younger brother being in love with a boy that has slept over at your house on multiple occasions, just trust me on this.

“I don’t know, I just. I just have no clue on what to do,” Will proclaimed, yelling at the ceiling with anger and sadness. He hated feeling things, why was it needed in everyday life?

“It’s okay if you do, but I wouldn’t just go out right and say it,” the older boy said, trying to give good advice. Where was Nancy when you really needed her reassuring advice and antics?

“I’m not an idiot, why would I ruin a friendship like that? Don’t tell mom,” Will threatened, realizing what he had just confessed. He got out of the plaid sheets quickly and stared down his older brother. “Don’t tell anyone, or else.”

Jonathan laughed at the threat, not believing it in all seriousness. “Or else what? You’ll draw some embarrassing photo of me?” The tease wasn’t punching buttons, but his younger brother growled slightly.

This was someone Jonathan had never seen before. Will was rarely angry and vicious like this, but apparently this was a serious matter. Something the older brunette realized he couldn’t continue to joke around with.

“Or else I’ll end up killing myself from feeling so alone and betrayed.” The words left Will’s mouth before he retreated back to his room. He felt so bad, but he couldn’t turn around and apologize when all he had been speaking was the truth on the situation at hand.

He couldn’t be outed to the entire world on this recent discovery. It wasn’t allowed, never would be. For a moment of never marrying passed through his thoughts, he thought that would be better than being ridiculed by his father.

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Will Byers never really felt the obligation to meet Eleven. It felt

strange to not care about someone who did so much for you, but he felt this way due to how Mike felt about her.

The way he spoke and compared everyone to her. He even started comparing the brunette to the magical girl. How he would never be like her in a million years since she had real superpowers. How he didn't know how to comfort like she did. How he didn't know how to sacrifice like she did. It was the constant rambling of how Will would never be enough for Mike's standards anymore.

"Hey, Will, how are you feeling?" Mike asked, plopping down by his friend on the bench outside. The brunette decided running around at recess wasn't his thing today. His stomach had knots tied around his ribs, and the idea of being outside made him nauseated. Maybe it was the knowledge of Mike being outside, and his nausea increased whenever he arrived.

"Terrible, but what can you do?" Will teased, trying to not be such a Debby Downer. His emotions affected everyone's, especially his mother's. He tried to put on the smiling mask of everyday life, but that was becoming a difficulty after every breath he took.

Ever since he had come back home, he didn't sleep or breathe well. It was almost like the air here was too thick of moisture, and it felt like he was drowning. Then there were the nightmares of being captured again and this time killed. He woke up screaming every night and his mother trying to calm him down.

"Eleven would help you feel better if she was here. She knew how to make everyone feel better," Mike proclaimed, pretending as if the discovery of the girl almost a month ago was the only thing that mattered anymore. The contortion of Will's face resulted into heavy tears trickling down his cheeks and a jerk up to his feet.

He hated that name, he hated how happy Mike was just talking about her. This was the first time in a week that Mike's smile tore at his heart instead making it feel airy. His hands balled into fists, gripping the hem of his shirt with ghostly knuckles. In this moment he hated Mike, and he didn't understand why. He just couldn't stand the sight of the boy in front of him.

“Just shut up! Shut up! She’s not here, and it won’t change anything if she was!” Will raged viciously at his friend. Tears made plopping sounds as they hit the concrete. He didn’t understand these feelings of seeing someone being in love with someone else and it hurting. Realizing you love someone who won’t notice you the same felt like pure hell in this moment, something Will didn’t want to deal with.

“What’s up with you?” Mike snapped with venom eating away in his voice. Black eyebrows furrowing into his eye sockets with aggression and hostility. Will wiped at his eyes with an excruciating force of his dry hands.

“It’s always about some girl I’ve never met! We get it, you miss her! We all miss someone, but we’re not complaining about it constantly!” Will growled, white knuckles turning almost transparent. He felt the urge to hit something, maybe even someone.

“It’s been 17 days since I’ve seen her, and I’m hurt! Why can’t I just be fucking torn up for once!” The black haired boy was shoved off the bench into the bushes behind him. Will couldn’t stand anymore coming from the other, and so he took care of everything himself. He always had to take care of everything himself.

Mike was obviously bleeding from the cuts produced by the razor like leaves touching his skin. A thin line of blood trickled down his cheek, and Will sniffled slightly from the hot tears running down his face, never slowing down.

“My dad left me and my family. I no longer have a father, and look at me; not saying anything. We all hurt, Mike. Everyone will always hurt at some point in time, but you can’t constantly express it. Your feelings aren’t always the top priority, and I should know that for a fact,” Will commented before grabbing his bag off the sidewalk and huffing.

He turned away from the boy in the bushes, just walking as if he didn’t care. His stomach was in his bladder, tears falling harder and harder, and his breathing was uneven. The comment on knowing his feelings didn’t matter was something Will didn’t share with anyone. He didn’t even share how much he missed his dad, but it tumbled out of his mouth from just anger capturing him.

Walking to class alone, questions pounded the circumference of his head. Nothing could be answered though, because he wasn't the one with answers. He wished he knew someone with the answers, but there wasn't anyone he could trust enough to ask.

Why did this hurt so much?

Why did he care this much?

Why wasn't he as great as Eleven?

What did she do to deserve Mike's love?

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Sitting outside of his mother's work, Will was tapped on the shoulder. An annoyed sigh escaped his lips, he was trying to finish up homework he was currently swamped in, but no one cared apparently. No one cared that maybe he wanted to be left alone than stared at and asked questions.

"Can I help you?" He asked, looking up to meet the gaze of Angelia Cornish. She was the prettiest girl in the seventh grade, curly blonde hair and bright blue eyes, but Will didn't see her like everyone else. He just saw her as some girl that was disrupting his homework time.

"Aren't you Will Byers? The boy who came back to life?" She asked, leaning her purple bike against the convenient store wall. He nodded before turning his attention back to the book. Usually that's all that was ever asked whenever people asked him things. Sometimes there were questions about dying, and he wished he could give pointers at times.

This was his avoidance coping mechanism, and it worked about 90 percent of the time. Today wouldn't be included in the 90 percentage, but the other 10 percentage. Another tap landed on his shoulder, a groan escaping his lips as he looked up once again.

"I was wondering if you're dating anyone," Angelia stated, and Will tossed her one of his famous pissed off expressions. Part of him debated on flipping her off, or just flipping her bike over.

"No, obviously not," he snapped, eyes going back to the paper in his hands. He didn't have time for her dumb questions. All he wanted to do was homework, but god forbid he be a good student.

"I thought you were dating that Mike kid?" She asked, his head jerked up to see a slight smirk on her face. He began to laugh slightly before full blown hysteria hit him. He was crying from laughing so hard, and it took him a couple minutes to calm down.

"Mike Wheeler and I, dating? You're hilarious, Andy," Will commented, not knowing what he did wrong whenever she scowled at him. He placed a bookmark in his book, finally giving her all of his attention.

"First off, my name is Angelia or Angie for short. Second off, then explain why you stare at him all the time," she demanded. Placing a hand on her teal sequined hip, she left out a huff. A total drama queen, one that Will really did not want to associate with.

"Because he's my friend? Wait, aren't you supposedly the girl in love with Stacy?" Will asked, flipping the tables on her. The blonde looked troubled for a moment before sighing. The best strategy at this point was just to open about what rumors were true and what were false.

"That's me, but I'm trying to rid of that. I was wondering if we could fake date?" She asked and the brunette looked over at her confused.

"What, why?"

"Isn't it obvious? Two closeted gay kids fake date to rid of rumors," Angelia declared as if it was evident within the air surrounding them. Will didn't speak up, not wanting to speak about the gay rumors.

Are rumors actually rumors whenever they're true? He is gay, but he didn't think everyone suspected so. It was more along the lines of not wanting anyone to suspect it, but he knew the majority of the population did. Looking down at the ground, thinking, he noticed the teal sandals on the ground. Angelia's pink toenails were seen through her sandals, which confused the boy due to it being 50 degrees outside.



“Aren’t you cold?” He asked, breaking original conversation due to worry bubbling up in his stomach. It was chilly outside, and you lose lots of heat through your feet, so what would happen if she got sick?

“Not particularly, why?” She asked, not sure if she should be annoyed by the new conversation or not. Will shrugged before making eye contact. His eyes were away from her uncovered feet, and it made him anxious to see her feet uncovered.

“Its cold outside, and you’re wearing sandals. You could get sick from losing too much body heat,” Will rambled slightly, getting anxious about the entire conversation.

“What do you say?” She asked, a moment of silence had passed between the two. The brunette didn’t remember what she was talking about. “Fake dating.”

Will looked unsure, because who just asks someone to fake date? Who just assumes you’re actually gay when you’ve never officially came out? He sighed, rubbing his hands together due to nerves. He didn’t know how the party would react to this; how Mike would react to this.

“Come on, it won’t be that bad. You walk me to class, hold hands, and that’s it,” she explained, trying to convince him on this idea. The brunette was just so unsure looking, and no one could really blame him for it.

After a couple moment of silence, Will let out a deep sigh. The debate in his head had died down, and if it wouldn’t be much work; then why not do it?

“I mean, I guess we can. Just know I’m never going to get a crush on you.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, boyfriend!”

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“I can’t believe Will got a girlfriend before I did,” Dustin whined as he, Lucas, and Mike spied on Will talking to his new girlfriend. The brunette boy was smiling at whatever story she was talking about,

and Mike wondered what was so great about Angelia Cornish.

She was in their history class, and all she ever did was talk to Stacy. Today she spoke to Will, but wasn't it mandatory to talk to your boyfriend? Mike didn't actually know anything about relationships, but he knew everything about Will; this wasn't him. His short brunette friend had never shown any attraction to anyone before. Or as far as Mike is aware of.

"Were you there when he asked her out? Honestly I'm impressed, we could all learn something from him," Lucas commented. The three boys didn't feel weird at all about spying on the 'date.' It was a middle school date, sitting with each other during recess.

Could you actually call it dating during middle school? You held hands in the hallways, hung out at recess, and walked to class together. The title of boyfriend/girlfriend was totally unnecessary, because it wouldn't stick for long.

Will rose off the bench, detached his hand from Angelia's, kissed her on the forehead, and walked over to where his friends thought they were hidden from his view. As Will smiled at the three, Dustin and Lucas returned the gesture. Mike had a grimace on his face due to the affectionate act shared between his friend and the curly blonde headed girl.

Lucas and Dustin high-fived the bowl headed kid, obviously proud of him. The uncomfortable smile on Will's face made Mike curious about what was going on. Sure, Will was always uncomfortable, but this was a different. The glint in his eye made it obvious he didn't want to discuss the matter. It was almost as if he really wasn't interested in Angelia.

"When did you two become a thing? Didn't know you were interested in anyone," Mike commented, arms crossed as he leaned against the brick building behind him. His dirty brown eyes stared into Will's hair, making Mike even more pissed than he already was.

Will turned to look at the other, he was pissed at the other. Anger built up inside of him, but he tried to not let it show. Will had a weird type of hatred forming for his best friend, and it was due to the

constant reminders of Eleven being the best person ever.

Nights haunted the short boy, reminding him of how he wouldn't be enough for his crush. How he wasn't some strange girl who could save the day. He wasn't what Mike wanted; not what Mike would ever want. It drove him to tears and sleeplessness.

"The other day. We're in art together, and I asked her out by drawing a cluster of roses. Whenever she said yes, I pulled out the real roses for her," Will explained, proud of his work. Angelia had told him to do this, but the execution was better than she had even expected.

"You never mentioned anything about liking her," Mike spit out, body turning away from Will as he stared above the other's head. It was hard to look at his perfectly calm friend when Mike was beyond pissed off.

"I didn't know I had to share all my romantic interests with the group. Just thought I could be normal for the first time since I got back, try to be happy with someone," Will shrugged, not caring how anger was consuming Mike. He couldn't really care about Mike in general at the moment.

"Mike, what's the problem? He's happy, just let it be," Dustin snapped, defending Will as if his life depended on it. The curly headed boy stepped in front of the short boy, showing who he was siding with. He was ready to fight if need be, and they all knew it wouldn't be good if a fight broke out between the three of them.

"Doesn't it bother you how we're apparently not part of his life anymore?" Mike interrogated and Lucas scoffed at the comment. Attention went to the scoff, all eyes now boring into Lucas' face.

"You're just pissed off that you're not the one with a girlfriend, because she sacrificed herself to get your best friend back," Lucas argued, but was shoved up against the brick wall by the taller boy. Lucas' breath hitched at the sudden contact, and Will shoved Dustin out of his way.

"What your fucking mouth about Eleven," Mike threatened, there was a pull at his shirt from Will. The raven haired boy dropped Lucas,

turning to look at his short friend. Will had clenched fists, trying to not punch Mike.

“I think it’s best if you leave. Come back when you’re ready to apologize to Lucas,” Will demanded, every muscle was rigid in his body. The sight of Mike acting like this was appalling, making him feel sick to his stomach that his best friend was acting like this.

It was appalling how he still loved the dumbass in front of him. It infuriated the brunette that he couldn’t just drop these feelings, because he so badly wanted to. He didn’t want to love whoever this boy was in front of him.

“Whatever,” Mike huffed before shoving past Will, knocking the brunette down to the ground. Scrapping his arm against the brick, Will let out a yelp of pain. Mike turned around to see the small boy on the ground with a massive cut on his arm, blood streaming everywhere. As he stepped to help, Dustin moved in front of Will. The glare in his eyes frightened Mike slightly.

“Just go, you son of a bitch,” Dustin snapped and Will started to cry. There was so much pain hitting him all at once. The view of Mike leaving the other with aggression, and how he still loved him. Tears continued to stream down his cheeks as he thought about how Mike must hate him now, and how this all fucking sucked.

“You okay?” Lucas asked, trying to help out, but Will shook his head before his head fell into Dustin’s legs. Being pulled up by the two boys left, he was escorted to the nurse’s office without choice.

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Will always walked with Angelia to class, it became routine after the first three days of ‘dating.’ He hadn’t realized he left his friends to walk alone to whatever class period they shared with only Will. Dustin and Lucas weren’t bothered by it, knowing that being someone’s boyfriend came with procedures to follow. Walking to class with your girlfriend was one of them.

Mike hadn’t spoken to him in almost four days, so Will decided that meant they were no longer friends. Or at least that’s what he

deducted from the way the other made sure to avoid him. Mike switched seats in multiple classes, making sure he was nowhere near the brunette.

“You look really pretty today,” Will complimented Angelia, who appeared to put more of an attempt today than usual. Her face covered in makeup, and hair seemingly coiled in perfect ringlets. Although she always strived to look better than the other girls.

“Thank you,” she mumbled, blush faintly littered her cheeks at the compliment. The brunette boy was always gentle with her, with everyone actually. His voice calming and full of compassion whenever he opened his mouth. It was what got him loved and bullied. Being compassionate and caring is apparently only a trait gay people possess.

Will smiled brightly at the girl as the two stopped in front of her class. He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, kissing her forehead before turning to leave. Mike stood there in front of him, knuckles white from his tightly clenched fists. A sudden wave of fear flew over the small brunette boy, one he hadn’t felt about Mike before.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? Just ignoring your best friends for some girl!” Mike yelled, voice vibrating through Will’s chest. The brunette was shaking, heart pounding in his chest at a vigorous tempo, and his vision going in and out of blurriness. The faded blue hue coming into the photo every other second.

As Mike continued to scream at Will, asking how he could do this to his friends, the latter was standing in the hallway covered in vines and the dark blue hue surrounding every inch of his vision. No one stood in the hallway with him, everyone was gone. It was the Upside-Down, and he was trapped back in the cruel dimension.

Along with being alone, there was silence following suit of him. Everything was suffocating him, trapping him in a place where the worst always managed to come. His worst nightmare coming true, he was back in this shit hole.

He had only been home for three weeks, but whatever this place was didn’t care. It had a need for Will, but no one would ever know the

reasoning. His vocal chords felt locked, but he managed to take a shaky step forward. Tears were piercing his shadow casted eyes, the feeling of refreshing coolness of the tears scared him. Everything was scaring him in his moment.

“Mike! Mike, where are you!” Will screamed, he was walking forward until he saw a black cloud of smoke begin to head his way through the hallways of his middle school. The short boy immediately turned around and began to sprint down the abandoned hallways, hoping he would make it to safety before being attacked.

He had never been one for running much. He enjoyed biking around and tree climbing, but running wasn’t something he was particularly good at. In this situation though, running was his best friend.

The boy’s bathroom near Mr. Clarke’s room was just in sight as he felt the cold air rush around him. The black cloud was approaching faster than he had expected, causing an uproar of fear to encase his body. Sobs caused his body to heave, but he continued to run until he was in the bathroom. Sitting under the sinks, rocking back in force, he heard his name being called. He felt the sensation of someone touching his shoulder, trying to shake him awake or something.

Squeezing his eyes real tight, he caused them to fly open and there was Mike in front of him. The raven haired boy stared at his friend with worried eyes, frightened at the sight he had just witnessed. Both of them were in the floor of the boy’s bathroom, multiple upperclassmen staring down at them in a confused state of mind.

“Are you okay?” Mike asked, trembling just as much as the boy in front of him. Both of them were shaken up, but Will looked like he traveled to hell and back.

The question intensified his sobs, his face going straight to Mike’s shoulder for comfort. He gripped the sweater Mike was wearing, breathing heavily and getting dizzy. Mike pulled his friend into his embrace until the principal came to retrieve the sobbing boy due to his mother arriving to pick up her son. Will screamed as he was ripped away from his best friend, from the only source keeping him grounded.

Mike had to watch his best friend suffer since fear took over his thought process, not even sure what to do either. He couldn't get over the fact that Will called out to him instead of Angelia. He called out to Mike and no one else. For some reason it caused his heart to flutter in a subtle way. A way that could be classified as the feeling of your first ever friend finally coming over to your house.

"He called out to me," Mike breathed out as he stepped out in the hallway to see Will trying to run back to him. Mike ran to him instead and didn't want his friend to leave, he didn't want this to be happening. This was too much and Mike couldn't help but let himself cry as well.

"Mike, please!" Will screamed, choked sobs ripping his vocal chords slightly. The cry for help to be saved was forced to be disregarded as Mr. Clarke grabbing Mike by the shoulders to hold him back.

"You have to let him go, he needs to go home," Mr. Clarke told Mike, but something within the black haired kid still didn't care. His best friend was calling out to him, how was he supposed to ignore that?

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"Do you remember?" Will asked Mike at three am, both laying in the latter's basement floor. It was just them, and the question broke the silence looming over the two.

After the breakdown in the hallway of being ripped apart from each other, the two became inseparable. Will broke up with Angelia, no longer interested in trying to 'save' his secret. He no longer cared if someone knew he was gay, because it didn't really matter.

"Remember what?" Mike asked, propping himself up on his left arm. Will felt his friend's gaze burn into his skin, something he hated about the way the raven haired boy stared at others. You could always feel it, no matter what intention was made behind it.

Even though the brunette knew there was no bad intention behind it, he still felt scared. He didn't know where he was going to go with this conversation, but he continued to speak anyways. Sleep drunk Will knew how to talk forever.

"I don't know, do you just remember? Remember when I wasn't some freak," Will sighed with the comment, not sure what he was even saying anymore. He wanted to sleep, but he also didn't want to have nightmares in the Wheeler residence. Why had he even agreed to a sleepover?

"You're not a freak, not at all," Mike responded, not missing a beat. The brunette boy felt himself begin to cry, all of this felt strange. Speaking to Mike hurt, and he knew it was because all they would ever be were friends. Even after calling out to the other, Mike didn't realize that Will was in love with him.

"You have to say that, you're my best friend. Do you remember whenever I could sleep for a full night without screaming? Do you remember when no one had to examine every single move I made? Do you remember?" Will cried out, hot tears burned his cheeks. Why did everything hurt all the sudden?

He knew it wasn't all the sudden, but it felt like it. It felt like this was a new wash of pain, something he had never experienced before. This pain was brutal and ready to snap his neck in a moment's notice. Suddenly he was sobbing in the Wheeler's basement.

Mike grabbed his friend, pulling him into a tight and warm embrace. Will loved Mike so much, but he still hated him in a sense. He hated himself for hating Mike, and this circle of hatred made him so exasperated.

He hated Mike for not loving him back. He hated him because there would always be someone else. He hated how he didn't like boys the same way Will liked boys. He hated everything going wrong in his life. Will knew how wrong it was, but he began to blame Mike for everything.

He also somehow hated some girl named Eleven. He hoped he'd never have to meet her, because he knew he couldn't see the way Mike would look at her. He hated someone he didn't even know due to how much he hurt from merely thinking about how someone else loved her. He hated her.

Most of all, he hated himself. Everything about him was wrong and



disgusting. No one wanted some queer as a son, brother, friend, or even stranger. No one wanted him, and he knew that no one would ever want him. He hated how he loved the way boys spoke, how their lips were always pink and pretty. He hated how boys always smiled his way, but they didn't know what they were doing to him. He hated how he was gay, and how he was himself.

"I'm here for you," Mike whispered into Will's hair, but the statement just made the boy cry even harder. Innocent statements such as this ripped out his heart, because this wasn't right.

"I'm sorry," Will said, volume of his voice faint as he repeated the words over and over again. He couldn't stop apologizing for all of this.

"Why are you sorry, you can't control how you feel," Mike whispered, fingers running through Will's hair. He just wanted his friend to calm down and breathe, because it was hard seeing someone you care about in so much pain.

"If I could, I'd stop being in love with you. Do you realize how much this all hurts, and I'm so sorry for bringing you into my pain," the brunette cried out, voice raising once again along with his sobs. Mike was stiff, fingers halting, due to the confession that had tumbled out of Will's mouth.

"You're in love with me?" Mike asked, shaky breaths pushed past his lips slightly. Now it was Will's turn to go stiff, and silence loomed over the two eerily.

"Yes." It was short, crisp, and faint. Mike finally exhaled after a second, fingers leaving Will's hair, and he felt himself about to cry.

"Will, I don't know what to say or do."

"You can either ignore it, reciprocate, or dispose of me," Will stated, somehow he stopped crying completely. The eerie silence was now tense and angry. Will's voice was angry, but in such a subtle way it was terrifying.

"I love you, but I think it's in a friendship way? I don't know, I've

imagined us kissing before. I've imagined a lot of things of you and me, but those are just imaginary," Mike rambled, his heart sped up as Will pulled away from his chest. Hazel eyes stared up at him before the other got up on his knees instead of laying on his legs.

"This isn't imaginary," Will stated before pulling Mike in to kiss him.